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EDINBURGH COURANT, Nov. 20, 1879.—This little annual is designed mainly for the class indicated in its title. It contains in a handy form a large amount of information useful for a number of different trades, and has besides some useful jottings on machinery.

ENGLISH MECHANIC, Nov. 21.—This is a new annual specially addressed to artisans, though, from the nature of the contents, it will probably have a very extended sale amongst the general public, for it contains information of a practical kind upon many subjects of interest. There is the usual calendar and almanac matter, and quite a number of useful recipes, besides articles selected from various sources.

HALIFAX COURIER, Nov. 22.—It is a useful sixpennyworth for all descriptions of working men. In addition to the usual calendar and general information looked for in almanacs, there is a mass of well-arranged information suited to the mechanic and general workman, including facts, calculating tables, receipts, inventions (with many illustrations), &c., &c.

SALFORD CHRONICLE, Nov. 22.—We have just received a copy of the "Artizan's Year Book and Engineer and Building Trades' Almanac for the year 1880," which is equal, both in quality and variety of matter, to any of its competitors. Besides an excellent almanac, it gives a fund of interesting and useful information to persons of the artisan and mechanical class for whose use it is specially intended.

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS, Dec. 13.—Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son have begun the issue of a yearly manual and almanac, especially addressed to artisans, engineers, and workmen in the building trades. It is a repository or miscellany of facts of all kinds. There are articles on mahogany stains, preserving skins, building stones, the incrustation of boilers, the use of water power in towns, mathematical instruments, machinery for connecting woodwork, and a hundred other subjects.

BRIISTOL MERCURY, Nov. 24.—Chiefly intended for mechanics in the engineers' and building trades, for whom it provides a fund of instructive matter.

COLLIERY GUARDIAN, Nov. 21.—It contains eighty pages of useful and interesting matter, introduced by an able article from the pen of Mr. Abel Heywood, jun., entitled "A Slight Sketch of English-printed Almanacs." The

book contains a well-prepared and full calendar, the ministry, eclipses, law terms, stamps, and a vast variety of information both ordinary and extraordinary; indeed, we should think everything which an artisan, engineer, or builder can require. We have little doubt that the venture will be a decided success.

BRIGHTON EXAMINER, Nov. 25.—A valuable contribution to artisans generally, and especially to those who are indicated in the title. The calendar and general useful information usually found in almanacs are preceded by an interesting sketch of the history of English-printed almanacs, and followed by a mass of brief but lucid contributions on subjects relating to science and art in many departments, tables of purchase and sale of property for building clubs, diameters and circumferences, change wheels for screw cutting, &c., construction of frames, lathes, drills, the application and use of water power in towns, photography, lithography, &c., and valuable hints on a hundred other subjects, compressed within the compass of a handy sixpenny volume.

EASTERN MORNING NEWS, Dec. 5.—This almanac contains much information of special value to all concerned in the engineering and building trades, including many calculations, tables, and receipts.

ASHTON REPORTER, Nov. 29.—This is a valuable compendium of information, and may well be called a *multum in parvo*. We shall not attempt to enumerate the many different items of scientific and technical instruction relating to almost all kinds of professions and trades, many of which are illustrated by diagrams, but we may safely assert that all classes of workmen and amateurs would find it useful as a book for frequent reference, at a merely nominal cost.

WIGAN OBSERVER, Nov. 16.—It is full of information of special use to workmen in the various trades mentioned, and cannot fail to have a wide circulation, the almanac supplying a want often complained of.

EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW, Nov. 26.—This almanac contains a large collection of useful and interesting information suitable for all classes of artisans in the engineering and building trades, besides hints which inventors may probably read. The subjects upon which the editor and others have written are too numerous even to mention. The diagrams by which many of the subjects treated are illustrated are clearly

printed and easily understood by the references in the various articles.

THE BAZAAR, Dec. 1.—A publication that deserves wide circulation among mechanics and workmen generally. The quantity of sound information and useful hints it contains is surprising.

ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER, Dec. 5.—An excellent year book for the mechanic. The information given is well digested, and many of the short pieces of information on points in mechanical manipulation convey hints of great value to the workman. The longer articles are also characterised by a clearness and simplicity which will commend them to all artisans. The value of engineering and mechanical tables is also great.

PUBLIC OPINION, Nov. 29.—The Artizan's Year Book and Almanac, 1880, is full of information of the most varied and practical kind, and much of the valuable matter it contains is such as is not to be found elsewhere.

OLDHAM CHRONICLE, Nov. 29.—Is likely to have an extensive sale, not only locally, but throughout the country. It is an excellent protest against centralization, and affords substantial evidence of what Manchester can do in the production of a thoroughly useful almanac for those interested in the engineering and building trades. Among the numerous woodcuts in the work is an artistic sketch of the birthplace of Crompton. In addition to a large amount of technical information, the work contains much that is useful to the general reader with reference to building clubs, life insurance, &c.

WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff), Dec. 5.—This book contains the memoranda on every-day subjects usually given in almanacs, and, in addition, a collection of short articles on industrial subjects. There are descriptions of hydraulic machines, printing presses, lathes, &c.; directions for calculating the weight and strength of building materials, and hints which cannot fail to be of use to artisans on a variety of other matters. The "Year Book," indeed, is one that may be taken up with profit by any intelligent person.

BUILDING NEWS, Nov. 21.—A well-selected compendium of useful information, likely to be of daily service to everybody in any way connected with construction or machinery. The matter has been gathered from reliable sources, and the compilers should receive sufficient encouragement to repeat their efforts in 1881.

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MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 12 MARCH, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE CORPORATION AND DESTITUTE STREET CHILDREN.

IT is due to the gentlemen who have raised the question of our street arabs, to say that we believe them to be uniformly intent upon the amelioration of the condition of the poor little folks who have furnished them with a theme for discourse. The necessity for some measures being taken with this object is not denied, and, as usual, the means proposed for their accomplishment form the subject of contention. We shall not follow the *Courier* in its vituperative mode of treatment. Though no question can possibly be fraught with greater political consequences, the writers and speakers upon the subject have not betrayed any knowledge of such a fact being present to their minds. Mr. J. A. Birch and the *Manchester Courier* see in the sufferings of the poor waifings only a result of the folly and wickedness of the parents of the children. These gentlemen at once decide where the fault lies, and are not slow to propose a Draconian method of curing the evil. In their eyes, poverty stalks abroad in the persons of ragged urchins who sell evening papers, whilst sin is gorging and drinking at home in the persons of their heartless reprobate parents. With the gentlemen who are not quite so pronounced in their opinions as to the causes of this infantile mendicancy, the fear seems to be that the children's minds will get corrupted by contact with loose characters in our streets, though it is not so very clear from the stand point of these gentlemen that our streets are infested with worse characters than the children's parents.

The gentlemen who have moved in this question have been to London as a deputation to the Home Office. The papers do not report anything but generalities as being the burden of their speeches. Such, indeed, has been the common lot of their speeches at home. They forcibly remind one of the people who complain of their circumstances, and neglect to improve their present opportunities. What, indeed, can these gentlemen hope for from the Government? Do they imagine Parliament will re-establish the curfew bell, and the common watchman be empowered to enter the houses of the poor in search of children not yet sent to bed? Were any proposal whatever made law limiting the power of the people to earn money by trading in articles of common utility, who is the bold man who shall define its limits and set a bound to the ways and means of the people? Certainly not a spendthrift Chancellor, nor a bankrupt administration. With every intention to benefit the rising generation, we will endeavour to shadow forth a practicable scheme, shorn of the manifest absurdities and namby-pamby sentimentality which has plentifully inundated the local press for a month back. To clear the ground for our speculations, it is will to state our opinions as to the cause of this juvenile distress. Chiefest among these causes is the general unrelieved distress of the struggling working people of the class just above paupers—those people who are within four or five shillings per week of earning sufficient for their own maintenance. Of this class, the widows with three or four children form the larger part. By our humane and admirable (?) system of poor-law, such women are regularly told that they must surrender their children to the care of the workhouse school people, and themselves come into the house, or they can have no relief. Sometimes, however, they are told that to send one or two of their children to Swinton schools is their duty, but if the ties of affection are too strong to suffer the transportation of the children, Bumbledom smirks and smiles at the success of its proposal, and the poor woman is forced to send such children to sell matches and newspapers to earn the few shillings per week without which they cannot live. This is one great cause of

children being found in the streets at late hours of the night; the plan of removal is to put all these widows into a position whereby the Guardians will be compelled to relieve them, and then their children could be registered and put under police surveillance, and the mother punished if the children were found after nine o'clock in summer or eight o'clock in winter, plying their business.

It is well-known that many cases of poverty during the present depressed state of trade have been found where both parents were alive, and any application to the workhouse authorities has resulted in an offer of the house, when these very authorities knew that starvation would be endured rather than the ignominious offer would be accepted. Where would be the justice of refusing to such high-spirited poverty the sole remaining harbour of refuge in the shape of a few shillings earned in the streets by newspaper and match selling. The offer of the house is not made with the intention that it shall be taken, but if the offer were accepted, the workhouses are greatly too small for the vast crowds that would go to them. That mistaken zeal which is affected by the sight of poverty as exhibited by the children in the streets, appears incapable of the reflection that the poignancy of poverty can roughly be measured by the foot rule. The poor child has certainly had a poor father, whose sufferings (if he be not of the criminal class) have been far more keen and long continued than the child's. To reach these children and efficiently protect them would be one of the easiest of public duties. Appoint inspectors of street children. Let them be men of at least thirty-five years of age, all married, and the fathers of families. Provide clogs and capes at the nearest police stations for sale at cheap rates. Let every child be registered and carry a badge, as do the market porters. Warn publicans not to allow the children to loiter about their rooms, and finally compel the children to pass a certain standard of the Education Act. These restrictions, with the limitation of the hours of sale to nine o'clock in summer and eight o'clock in winter, would make our juvenile tradesmen among the happiest and best cared for in the country. But the basis of these regulations must be the compulsory relief of the families without the offer of the detestable workhouse. The set of officers who cannot tell where to give relief, and where to refuse it, without the adventitious aid of an iron and stupid rule of offering the house, ought to quit their posts, and give place to men of common sense. The relief of the poor, however, is conducted upon the same principle which worked such frightful disasters in the Crimean War, and the same principle which Sir Hugh Dalrymple and the Duke of Wellington (when Sir Arthur Wellesley resisted, it is an attempt to command an army in the field, by officers who stay at home, and know nothing whatever of the circumstances and surroundings. The term relieving officer is a misnomer, they are only parochial policemen. The Guardians are the relieving officers, and these gentlemen have graduated at the University of Bumbledom, where they have learned the parochial Shibboleth of "Take an order for the house." If the proposed Government Bill embodies limitations such as we have put forth, and as a basis compels the relief of the poor who will not go to that paradise of the residuum of the most depraved—the Workhouse, we may expect some good results to follow. But to spout twaddle about the iniquity of our streets, and the training of criminals, argues a remarkable ignorance of boy labour, and human nature. The assembling of idle children is the sure precursor of crime, but these children do not assemble except at the publishing hour, and as for morality, there is far more of it in the streets than is possible in the dirty wretched homes, where hunger and enforced idleness are the only companions of the poor. These suggestions are offered as the result of very great experience, and with the earnest hope of their acceptance by the proper authorities.

POLITICAL PARODIES.

AIR—*The Village Blacksmith.*

BENEATH St. Stephen's massive towers
The great Dictator stands,
With blood alike of friend or foe
Still red upon his hands,
And idiot worshippers around,
Still bound with Jingo bands.

His grizzled hair is curly yet,
Though not so fair to scan
As when he railed at Toryism,
And led obstruction's van;
Ere he'd begun, with serpent wiles,
Young England to trepan.

Six weary winter's snows have passed,
With bellows charged with woe,
Since his pernicious councils wrought
A fair land's overthrow;
But now a people sound his knell,
'Midst wallings deep and low.

Supporters of his baneful rule
Pass grimly through the door,
Pond'ring o'er six years Tory waste,
Which time can ne'er restore;
Conscious that in that mustered roll,
They will appear no more.

He goes to Windsor, and with guile,
And grand imperial toys,
Contrives to win a sovereign's smile,
And stay a people's voice
From reaching ears, which once were wont
That people's voice to prize.

Title and power have been, to him,
An earthly paradise,
But he needs must think the reign is o'er
Of fraud, bombast, and lies,
For a frown hangs o'er his beetling brow,
And shades his cold grey eyes.

Toiling, and vainly sorrowing,
Homeward his army goes,
The battle for life has now begun,
Who can foresee its close—
Whilst he, who's nothing useful done,
Well pensioned seeks repose.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

A FEW neat and important pamphlets have appeared during the last few days. They are all political, and some satirical as well as political. Of this class is a rejoinder to the Scotch brochure, entitled "Bite of Gladstone," and is entitled "Bite of Beaconsfield; being a New Series of Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature." The book is the work of Mr. A. Rusden, of this city, and is a very excellent and caustic satire, with pen and pencil, of the Prime Minister. Much of the literary portion of the work consists of apt quotations from Shakspeare, Milton, and Thackeray. The following inscription from Artemus Ward will show the line of satire:—"He asked me what was my prinsoners: 'I hain't got enny,' said I; 'not a prinsoners. I'm in the show bizness.'" The illustrations are well drawn, and the book is as caustic as the most ardent politician could desire, though not more than the justice of the case demands. We heartily commend the work to our readers.

"The Afghan Policy of the Beaconsfield Government," by Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., is a masterly review of British rule in Indian affairs, which would be delightful reading were it not for the melancholy story of cruelty and shame with which its pages teem. We are shown, on the authority of eye-witnesses, how, in three days, 49 Afghan prisoners were hung out of a total of 89. "Such as could not give a clear account of their movements were condemned to death, and they submitted to their fate with the usual quiet resignation of Mussulmans." The crime of these men was that of having, as alleged, fought against the British members of the Residency at Cabul, and of belonging to regiments of Heratees. That is, conduct described as patriotic in history, is pronounced rebellion in despatches from the field. We are

certainly a remarkably Christian people, and our example is likely to impress the Mussulman mind with a profound sense of British justice.

"Liberal and Conservative Finance," by S. D. Waddy, Q.C., has reached a fourth edition. As we remarked, in our former notice of this pamphlet, the impeachment of our wasteful Government is as complete as could be desired. In a comparison of five years' Liberal rule, as against five years' Tory rule, the advantages in favour of the Liberals are shown to be very great, being as 14/4 per head—£4. 6s. per family of six persons. The Government have also, in five years, frittered away nearly £17,000,000, and left us with a known increase of £3,398,000. It is a powerful pamphlet.

"Reformation and Reform," "The Land Laws," and "Liberal Election Songs," are the titles of other pamphlets we have not space to worthily notice; but we have no hesitation in commending them to the public as useful and instructive in the present political juncture.

IRENE.

(LA REINE DE SABA.)

THE English version (by H. B. Farnie,) of Gounod's opera, was given for the first time in Manchester, on Wednesday evening, 10th March, at the Theatre Royal, to a crowded and appreciative audience. But what the Queen of Sheba (the mother of Menilek, from me to thee, the son of Solomon and Queen of Sheba) had to do with it does not appear, as the action appears to date from at least 2,000 years after her death; however, the nation which is so fond of the three impossible unities of action, time, and place, may be best able to explain. *Irene* (Madame Blanche Cole), a captive Greek princess of the Sultan's, being the heroine; and *Muriel* (J. W. Turner), the master-builder of Christian churches, palaces, &c., being the hero. For a first night the whole piece was admirably mounted and performed, and is likely to become as great a favourite as *Faust*, *Trovatore*, and other operas of a similar description.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

AT an early date, which will be duly announced, there will be given a **GRAND BENEFIT PERFORMANCE**

IN AID OF THE

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

who, finding himself unable to maintain his authority as Leader of the House of Commons, is in sore need of assistance.

On this occasion the following celebrated artistes have kindly offered their services:

The performance will commence with a prelude to

A GENERAL ELECTION,

played by several Cabinet Ministers and the Leaders of the Opposition; to be followed by

A SONG FROM THE SPEAKER,

"In this Old Chair."

After which Mr. Biggar (the unavoidable absence of Mr. Parnell), Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. O'Connor Power, and Mr. Finigan will dance

A BREAKDOWN ON THE FORMS OF THE HOUSE

Sir Robert Peel will then recite the well-known ballad, "We don't want to fight," and Mr. John Bright will give this

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT POLITICIANS.

There will also be a laughable "Stump Oration" by Sir William Harcourt; the Members on the Cross Benches will sing a glee, "How happy could we be with either;" Mr. Plimsoll will deliver a lecture "On Placards;" Major O'Gorman will sing "The right little, tight little island;" and Mr. Chamberlain will give his rendering of the famous nursery rhyme, "Ride a Cau-cus." Sir Stafford Northcote will himself oblige with "Impecuniosity."

The whole to conclude with the popular play,

MY TURN NEXT!

under the direction of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, supported by a Powerful Company.

Early application for seats should be made. No charge for booking. — *Funny Folks.*

PHILLIPS & SONS' DANDELION COFFEE

maintains its superiority over all others. Established 1766. Sold by all Grocers in Manchester Ask for "Yellow Label." Once tried always used.

THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB BALANCE SHEET.

WE last week, drew attention to this precious document, in which the faults of the London heads of the Tory party are so faithfully reproduced by the Manchester Tory Bmp. Doubtless the imitation in this particular is an unconscious one, but that fact—and we charitably give the denizens of the Cross Street Club the credit of desiring to meet their liabilities without sending the hat round—merely proves the incapacity, administrative and intellectual, of the Manchester section of the party “on the side of the angels.” The following is Mr. Cottam’s balance sheet, and our readers will see for themselves “how the money goes,” and will know that if the *ass-cats* as he has done lately in that establishment, there will shortly be no *assets* to offer their creditors; even the boasted upholstery and wallpaper will have gone by the devouring maw.

Dr. REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR. Cr.			
EXPENDITURE.		INCOME.	
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1879. Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.		1879. Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.	
To Rent and Taxes.....	3761 5 11	By Annual Subscriptions.....	4377 9 0
Salaries and Wages.....	324 14 0	Hire of Private Dining Room.....	7 15 0
Printing & Stationery.....	70 12 6	Hire of Brush Lookers.....	7 17 6
Postage and Petty Cash.....	25 6 0	Sundry Sales.....	6 0 1
Miscellaneous Expenses.....	152 1 2	Balance being loss.....	4390 1 7
Books, Periodicals, &c.....	143 13 6		390 1 1
Liveries.....	47 17 3		
Brushes, Combs, &c.....	10 5 0		
Depreciation.....	1058 4 1		
Repairs.....	186 19 2		
Bank Interest and Commission.....	53 4 1		
	£4789 2 8		£4789 2 8

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT 1868 TO 1879 INCLUSIVE.

	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
1868. To this year's loss	529	19	4	1869. By this year's profit	121	10	8	
1876. " "	398	18	11	1870. " "	136	0	0	
1877. " "	514	1	4	1871. " "	36	18	2	
1878. " "	463	16	4	1872. " "	169	16	6	
1879. " "	390	1	1	1873. " "	874	16	7	
Balance as per account*.....	162	0	5	1874. " "	671	19	10	
				1875. " "	1242	16	4	
	£2753	17	5		£2753	17	5	

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1879. Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.		1879. Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.	
To Entrance Fees and Life Subscriptions to date.....	10936 10 9	By cost of Furniture, Fixtures, &c.....	15051 11 2
Entrance Fees of 26 Annual Members.....	273 0 0	Additions and Alterations.....	92 2 4
Amount due to sundry tradesmen.....	11100 16 9	Less Depreciation.....	15143 13 6
Amount due to Bank.....	1147 18 10	Accounts due to the Club.....	14085 9 5
Balance of Profit and Loss Account as above.....	2050 0 8		394 7 3
	£3197 19 6		
	14409 16 8		£14409 16 8

* This Balance includes a Call of 50/0 per member in 1869, which I believe produced £772.

SAMUEL COTTAM.

THE ATHENÆUM CONCERT.

THE third concert of the present season, under the auspices of the Athenæum Musical Society, took place on Monday evening. The hall was densely filled by a most appreciative and attentive audience. It would be a foolish waste of time here to attempt a selection of what we considered were the *best* rendered pieces of the evening; the only difficulty which presents itself to the visitor is that of discovering any part which was *not* well given. The programme, which was well selected and beautifully varied, was as follows:—

PART FIRST.

Part Song.....	"The Golden Days."	Hutton.
Madrigal.....	"To Chloris."	Stamford.
Romance.....	"Alice, where art thou?"	I. Ancher.
Serenade.....	"The Fairest flower."	R. P. Stewart.
Song.....	"Follow me gaily."	Pisanti.
Part Song.....	"All is still."	Macfarren.
Trio.....	"Queen of the night."	H. Smart.
Glee.....	"When wearied wretches."	Bishop.
Song.....	"A Birthday."	———
Chorus.....	"Lord Ullin's daughter."	A. H. Jackson.

PART SECOND.

Part Song.....	"The winds that waft."	Wallace.
Song.....	"Only for one."	Randegger.
Part Song.....	"Break, break."	Macfarren.
Song.....	"The two Grenadiers."	Schumann.
Chorus.....	"By Babylon's wave."	Gounod.
Song.....	"Oh, sweet and fair."	Sullivan.
Part Song.....	"Dream, baby, dream."	H. Smart.
Madrigal.....	"I saw lovely Phyllis."	Pearson.
Song.....	"The Kerry dance."	Alloy.
Part Song.....	"Silvery Christmas Bells."	Randegger.

These concerts are really all that can be desired, and we heartily congratulate Dr. Hiles upon the efficiency of his well-trained chorus. The solos are excellent, and the glees and part singing are given in a style rarely heard at concerts of this kind.

THE "JACKDAW'S" QUERIES.

Is a man acting square when he looks nervously round?
Is it necessary to have a *cocky tu-tor* at a pre-parrot-ary school?
Is a doctor cruel to a child when he *whacks an' hate's* it?
Is that question an un-Jenner-ous one?
In sending a telegram do we use *flash* language?
Is a goose religious when faithful to her *proper gander*?
Are free churches doing their duty when they make us *good for nothing*?
Does Hymen's torch constitute him as *link-boy*?
Is a spoon more valuable when it is *in tea resting*?
Is a blushing young lady to be admired for her *cheek*?
Was Burns a *Scorch-man*, or did he come out of (f) *Ire-land*?
If a woman takes pills does she take them *in cider*?
Is an army *whole* (wool) after being *worsted*?
Should a teetotaller take a wife and not *sup-porter*?
Can the flight of an eagle be called an *eye-hore*?
Is a lawyer an ass when he *draws out a conveyance*?
Are *hen-pecked* husbands *chicken hearted*, and have they to put up with *fool* language?

"O, WAD SOME POWER."

THE following choice specimen of mural literature is now to be seen in the window of a well-known monumental mason in Oxford Street. We know nothing of either the person to whose character this elegant composition has been written, nor the reason which has induced the writer to commemorate the worthless character of the deceased, but as a specimen of the odd things to be found on grave-stones, we submit the inscription as one not often surpassed for the freedom of its opinions.

HERE

CONTINUETH TO ROT

THE BODY OF FRANCIS CHATRES,

Who, with an inflexible constancy and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age or infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating depravity of his manner, than successful in accumulating wealth, for without trade or profession, without trust or public money, and without bribeworthy service he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate.

He was the only man of his time who could cheat without the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a-year; and, having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.

Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind, Providence connived at his execrable designs to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God by his bestowing it upon the most

UNWORTHY OF MORTALS.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. May be had from Burgon & Co.; Woolley's; Auty & Firth; Woodhead & Son; Holgate & Co.; N. Gould & Co.; Bealey & Gardner; Lamb & Holmes; Cadman; Leak; Smallman; Woodroffe; and all Grocers.

MAKERS—BROOK & CO., 47, DANTZIC STREET MANCHESTER.



CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—English Opera Company.
 Prince's Theatre.—Miss Alleyne.—*As you like it*.
 Queen's Theatre.—*Green Lanes of Old England*.
 The Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment.
 The Folly.—Variety Entertainment.
 White's, Bridge Street.—German Fair.
 Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

A MORE cunning or more well-directed bid for the Irish votes cannot possibly be found than the Premier's letter to the Duke of Marlborough.

"THE Mayor of Leeds has been entertaining the Zulu princess and her medicine-man at dinner." We wonder if they wore their national costume on the auspicious occasion!

MR. JENKINS'S Bill for the suppression of dangerous performances does not include out-door "swell" performances, such as hunting and steeplechasing. There are ten times more accidents in the hunting-field, and fifty times more in steeplechasing, than ever take place at a gymnastic performance in theatre or music hall.

WHEN the law interferes with *those* dangerous performances which are gone through for "sport," it will then be time enough to interfere with the gymnasts, who earn their daily bread by performances far less perilous.

THERE once existed an institution entitled "The Royal General Theatrical Fund." At its last meeting, on Wednesday, March 3, it transpired that there were *eighty* subscribers to the fund, and *fifty-two* annuitants dependent upon it! Mr. John Hollingshead was its treasurer, but he resigned his office, there being no further need of him, as there is *nothing to treasure*. Great events resemble small ones: does not this remind one of the financial position of the Royal National Fund, especially in its number of annuitants and its empty treasury? And wouldn't Sir Stafford like to follow the example of Mr. Hollingshead—if it wasn't for the "*scrum*"?

THE Prince of Wales wished the Deanery of York to be conferred upon the Rev. Canon Birch, but, in electing Mr. Cust to the office, the friends of that gentleman showed they were not *ac-Cust-omed* to be *Birched*, even by a Prince of Wales.

WHO treated Colonel Synge the worst: the brigands who captured him, or the newspapers who married him? We pause for a reply. N.B.—None but married men need answer the question.

THE Government do not intend to persevere with the Water Bill; they choose to be carried into the next session on their "*beer*"!

THE lays of the *Jackdaw* are not perhaps equal to *Macaw-lays*, but he is a kindred old bird, for all that, and not so much given to *Rome-ing*.

WHY is Dean Stanley averse to the public prayers in the matter of the Imperial statue? Reply of our P. D.: "He's a *verse* because he belongs to the *chapter*, stoopid!"

THE Dean asserts that "the Abbey has a heart"! We also say that the Abbey has a head, and that head is provided with a tongue—for the hands of Royalty. This is un-*Dean-iable*.

IN the schedule of expenses attendant upon the recent unsuccessful candidature of Mr. Stuart Wortley at Sheffield, there are no less than 250 licensed victuallers' little bills! We know now what the unfortunate *Liberal-Conservative* meant when he said he should take the Government policy to the bar of *public opinion*. For "opinion" read "houses," and the whole is as "clear as gin-and-water."

WE wonder what kind of a story, upon the same text, could be told at *Clarke-ly* Southwark or *Whitley's* (witless) Liverpool?

As the *City Jackdaw* has always prophesied (and we charge nothing for our "tips") there *will* be a dissolution before the end of March. Other papers, even the irrepressible *D. T.*, were of a contrary opinion, but the clever old bird was right. Even Lord B. was observed to smile and heard to mutter—

"The d—I must be in that little *Jackdaw*"!

WE wonder whether the present Premier will be *Benny-fitted* by the *Dizzy-lution*?

ROYALTY seems to be really getting at a discount when practical jokes can be played upon it, such as that of throwing crackers at a Queen's carriage, *vide* the Queen of the Belgians the other day. What will *be* heard of next?

WE can almost see the Sultan walking about, with a label pinned to his coat behind, calling attention to the fact that he is "*Shrunk on the premises*;" or the Czar may be forced to suddenly abdicate his throne by means of a pin judiciously placed in the seat; or our own beloved ruler may be the unconscious bearer of a dexterously-affixed label of "*Scarce but costly*;" or one may fancy the Princess B.—tr—ce walking out labelled "*Not for sale*."

THERE is really no telling where such jokes would end. Imagine Lord Salisbury ticketed "*All sound*," or Sir Stafford, "*Liberal terms allowed for cash*." It would create quite a sensation! A preventative to obstruction might be effectually established if, upon a motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, he was found to be firmly established therein by "*cobbler's was!*"

THINK of the convulsion which might be felt throughout Europe if somebody tied a kettle to the tail of Bismarck's dog, or stole the Earl of Beaconsfield's garter!

When does a lighted candle in a draught resemble a wheelbarrow? Why, when it (the barrow) is being (s)wheeled (s)wealed away, to be sure! We really can't (t)allow this to pass, it's (s)candle-ous.—Ed.

Young Smith, the other day, dropped a pound of candles in a bucket of water, and then wisely hung them up before the fire to dry. He was not, however, quite satisfied with the result of his experiment, neither was his mamma.

WE congratulate the "*Punch of the North*" upon its recent number, dated Friday, *February 31st*, 1880. If this was meant as a joke it is certainly dreary enough for the *Punch of Fleet Street*. If not, did he look at his almanack by *Lantern light*?

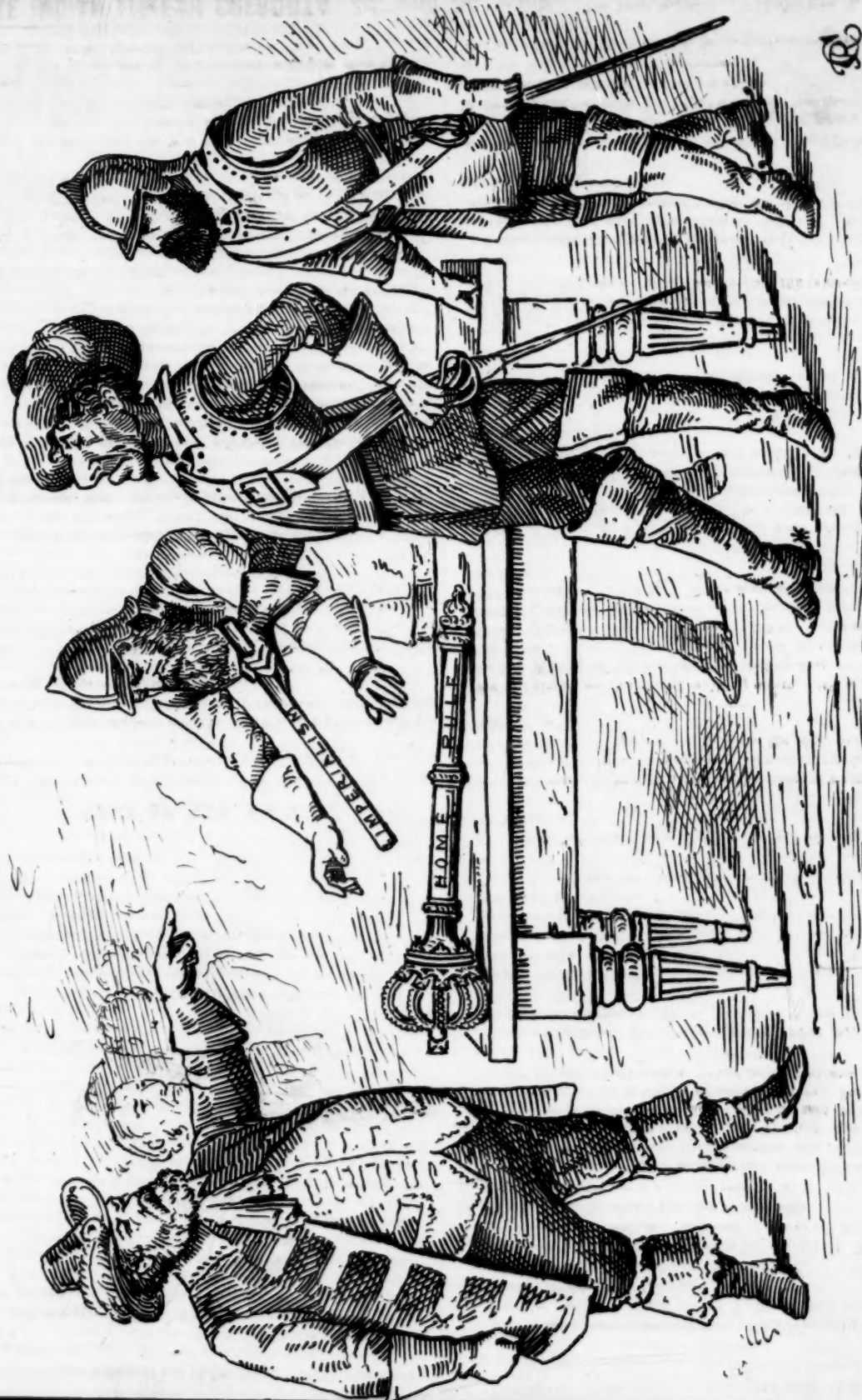
THE only Tory the Liberals wish for at the General Election—*vic-tory*.

SMOKE INDIAN LUNKAH CHERROOTS, 2d. and 3d. each.

The Trade Supplied. WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA STREET, and 66, MARKET STREET.

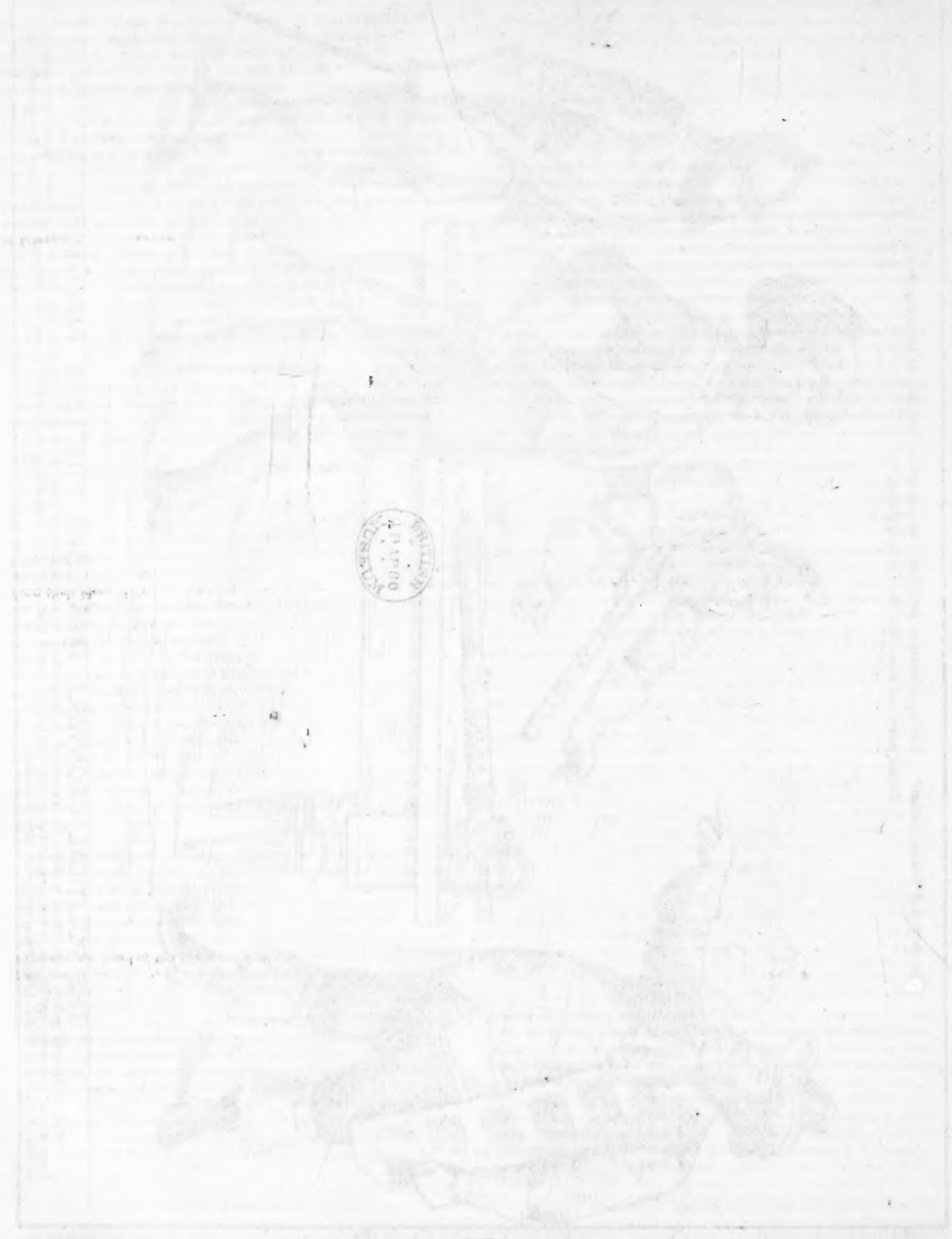
THE "JACKDAW'S" CARTOONS.—NO. 1.

"Take away that bauble," indeed! Little you've cared for Home Rule, either in ENGLAND or IRELAND, during the six years you've wielded that Imperial stick."



THE POLITICAL CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

"With no domestic policy, he is obliged to divert the attention of the people from the consideration of their own affairs to the distraction of foreign politics. His external system is turbulent and aggressive, that his rule at home may be tranquil and unassailed. Hence arises excessive expenditure, heavy taxation, and the stoppage of all social improvement. His scheme of conduct is devoid of all political principle."—MR. DRAKE.



LIBERALISM AND HOME RULE.

"AT the sitting of the Grand Jury for Omagh County on Saturday, James Hughes claimed £300 for injuries received because he refused to curse the Pope. The jury awarded £25." Such is the latest item of news from Ireland. It is accompanied with no explanatory details. We merely know that some person or persons asked James Hughes to curse the Pope, and, when he declined, beat him to such a degree that he estimated his sufferings at £300, and the Grand Jury at £25. If those assailants had any ill-will to the Pope why did they not curse him themselves? Even if James Hughes was celebrated for the vigour and copiousness with which he could anathematise his enemies, there could not be the same gratification in listening to his unwilling maledictions as in giving less eloquent expression to their own hearty hatred. It is not likely that they secretly entertained a superstitious dread of the Roman Pontiff and were deterred by it from boldly cursing him with their own lips. We remember a story in one of Lever's novels which throws some light on this singular occurrence. A Catholic priest was in the habit of dining at the mess of a regiment stationed in an Irish town. His power of wit and anecdote made him a favourite with all the officers save one, a violent Orangeman, who resented his appearance as an indignity to the loyalty of the present and the immortal memory of the past. He found vent for his feelings at length by giving as the watchword to the sentinels, "Bloody end to the Pope!" and the priest when leaving the barracks after a convivial evening was compelled to "curse the Pope" before he could take his departure. The men who ill-treated James Hughes were Orangemen, and their sole object was to insult one of a different religion. They desired to show that they were masters over the bodies and souls of Irish Catholics, and that the most sacred feelings of their slaves must be denied and violated at their bidding. They might have cursed the Pope to their heart's content among themselves, had they chosen to do so. But, in fact, they have no care or thought about the Pope, excepting that he is an object of veneration to the Irish. For those men do not consider themselves Irishmen. They put themselves forward as representatives of England and English Government. The mass of the Irish people, in consequence, are accustomed from their infancy to form their ideas of England and Englishmen from the conduct of men who want to reduce them to such a state of abject and degraded servitude that they must profane and pollute the Holy of Holies of their consciences, when they are commanded to do so. "We are your owners and your lords," say those men to them, "and we do not care what politics you hold or what religion you profess, but whatever politics you hold, we will thwart your efforts, and whatever religion you profess, you must be prepared to profane it as the token of your inferiority."

It is not so very long ago since here in England very nearly the same condition of things existed. The right of the people to worship God as their consciences dictated was denied by fine and imprisonment, and the privilege to discuss their wrongs and concert measures for their redress in public meetings was suppressed by the sword. The party that trampled on the civil and religious rights of the English people formerly, is the same that abets and supports the Orangemen of Ireland to-day. This is the party that deliberately and persistently destroyed the manufactures of Ireland, on the ground that the Irish were a conquered and an inferior race, and left the country in the sole possession of a few landlords. This is the party that when the landlord interest of England and Ireland is in danger from the progress of Liberalism, is endeavouring, by making new conquests abroad, and keeping alive the spirit of conquest in Ireland, to exasperate the Irish to the demand for Home Government, and turn the English people from the pursuits of their own liberties by goading them to the denial and destruction of the liberties of Ireland. This is the party that attempts to bribe Englishmen to be slaves of an imperial class, by offering to make and keep Irishmen as their slaves. What is the duty of all true and free Englishmen with regard to the Irish demand for Home Rule? Our clear and obvious duty towards it is not to regard it as directed against us, but as directed against the common enemies of England and Ireland, the men who are governed by the single instinct of tyranny, and who know as their policy the single device of maintaining their tyranny by setting their slaves to fight with each other. Home Rule in the language of Irish politics means

precisely the same thing as peace, retrenchment, reform, extension of the franchise, and revision of the land laws, mean in the language of English politics. Let us not say to the Irish as we are so constantly in the habit of saying, "we do not know what you mean by Home Rule?" Let us remember that the Tories say to us that they do know what we Liberals want, and that we do not know what we want ourselves. If a hungry man came to us and said that he was starving for want of a meal, should we say to him, "I do not know exactly what it is you want, whether it is beef or mutton or venison?" Let us not say to the Irish that Home Rule means separation from England, which is only what Tory suspicion and remorse tell them it ought to mean; but let us interpret it as Liberals and acknowledge it as the expression of a want put in the terms that men aspiring to free Government instinctively use. What is the demand that we make for a new electoral division, and for an enlarged voting power, but a demand for Home Rule? Above all let us not say to the Irish that even if their whole nation as one man demanded the smallest measure of Home Government, it never could be granted to them; because this is the language of tyrants, and it asserts that the men to whom it is addressed are slaves. Have we not enough of solid facts on which we can insult the Irish without going into the realms of imagination to find hypothetical grounds of insult?

Is it not enough that we have Englishmen whom we honour and respect and love, although they went over from our Protestant Church and joined the church of the Pope, and yet that we despise the Irish because they remain true to the religion of their forefathers? Is it not enough that after having got Ireland from the Pope, we should invite the Irish to express our ingratitude for us in curses, instead of disowning his Holiness after their own fashion by asking for Home Rule? Is it not enough to sow sedition, and to excite and perpetuate divisions in Ireland, and then to mock and laugh at them as a disunited people? This is what we say:—If we granted you Home Rule, you are such a contentious, discontented race, you would to a certainty destroy each other like the Kilkenny cats, and if you were to become perfectly and universally united we would not grant you the meanest vestige of Home Rule. The two most improbable things, we say, are that they should be united, and that they should obtain Home Rule, and yet we imagine them united, and tell them that even then we would not give them Home Rule; and we imagine them having Home Rule to tell them that they would murder each other in their inveterate disunion. Do we speak in similar terms to any class or party among ourselves? Yet this is the language which the imperial Tories at home encourage us to use towards the Irish, in order that in the heat and pride of our self-assertion we may forget that they mean, though they dare not say it as yet, that if the whole commonalty of England united to demand the disestablishment of the church or the abolition of the land laws, that demand would be denied.

What then are we to say to the Irish petition for Home Government? This is what the people of England ought to say: "Irishmen, do not engage in a separate agitation that would possibly have the effect of depriving us of the means of repairing the great wrongs we have been unknowingly led to do to you. Do not seek to do for yourselves that which we are resolved to do for you cordially and completely. Our common tyrants in England and Ireland have always agreed to rule over us by keeping us divided against each other. Let us baffle them by uniting. We cannot overcome landlordism in England without you. You cannot overcome landlordism in Ireland without us. We have mingled our blood in foreign battle fields. We have mingled our voices in political contests. We helped you to win emancipation. You helped us to win Reform and Free Trade. Let us win one great victory more together and be brothers for ever, with such arrangements awaiting us in the future as may preserve our common interests, and may not weaken our mutual confidence."

I CANNOT eat the old hens,
Hatched long long years ago,
For teeth and jaws would fail me,
And epithets would flow;
For bygone feasts come o'er my mind,
Where chickens used to be—
I can't digest the old fowls,
They are too tough for me.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. May be had from Burdon & Co.; Woolley's; Auty & Frith; Woodhead & Son; Holgate & Co; N. Gould & Co. Beeley & Gardner; Lamb & Holmes; Cadman; Leak; Smallman; Woodroffe; and all Grocers.
MAKERS—BROOK & CO., 47, DANTZIC STREET, MANCHESTER.

MISS ALLEYNE AT THE PRINCE'S.

MISS ALLEYNE is an acquisition to the English Stage, and is especially welcome as an exponent of those beautiful female characters of the Shakesperian Drama which are only too seldom impersonated with anything like reality and effect. It is rather difficult to make any considerable mark in the female creations of Shakespeare, and Miss Alleyne's ambition must have been very strong to have sent her into the field in the face of her few, though competent rivals. From what we have seen, however, we consider her action justifiable, and are very happy indeed to welcome her first appearance in Manchester. She possesses many of the features which are most necessary in an exponent of Shakespeare's heroines; an expressive face, and a pretty figure; a sweet voice, of which she has a complete mastery; a clear and distinct enunciation; and a charmingly natural manner. Her Portia is a very pleasing performance. In it she reaps much success as an elocutionist, but her great capacity for giving expression to the passion of love eminently fits her, we think, for the impersonation of "Juliet," in which we consider she is at her best, and evinces unmistakable dramatic power. We may mention that the Romeo of Mr. St. Maur was a very creditable piece of acting—far superior to his Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice," which we consider rather forced and imperfect in many respects, and amongst the other minor lights may be mentioned the Nurse of Mrs. Hudson Kirby; the Peter of Mr. Maskeel—whose side play is very amusing—but which we are afraid draws the attention of the audience away from the dialogue, and the Friar Lawrence of Mr. Blythe. In the creation of women, "Shakespeare" says De Quincey, "stands not the first only, not the original only, but is yet the sole authentic oracle of truth." He was prominently successful in the portraiture of the female character; and it is pleasant to find an actress like Miss Alleyne, capable of giving the world a faithful delineation of his creations. We have many impersonators of the men of Shakespeare, but not many successful in the delineation of his women. We find them too often played with an absence of that sweet sunny gaiety, that graceful and charming womanliness, which ought to be the chief attributes of the Shakesperian actress. We want life, expression, womanliness, and force in the women of Shakespeare; not the mechanical action and lifeless sameness with which we too often meet. We predict for Miss Alleyne a successful career. To-night, Miss Alleyne takes her benefit in "As you like it," and we hope the playgoers of Manchester will assemble in goodly numbers.

A PRODIGAL.

GAZE upon his pictured face—
The earnest eyes, the thoughtful brow,
If I should look upon him now,
How should I miss the boyish grace!
I muse upon his mis-spent youth—
One ceaseless round of wasted days,
And yet see much to love and praise,
In simple goodness, faith, and truth.
He was so good, so kind, so true!
We held his smiling face so dear,
That we could wish his follies here,
If he were only with them, too.
For love forgives all things to love,
And tears and prayers efface the stain
That souls in earthly struggles gain,
And fit those souls for life above.

Whalley Range.

K. TAYLOR.

KEEP out of company if you desire to be teetotal. One of the shining lights of the Hull temperance party, while walking with a friend on the outskirts of Beverley, observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his friend (who likes a drop of old and bitter), "is an example for you. The cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the other, with a very sheepish look, "that is very true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'here's to you,' there's no knowing how long they might have gone on."

PHYSIC.



OW shall I sing of thee, thing to be dreaded,
O, how can my muse be attentive to thee,
O, how can my harp to thy story be wedded,
Thou object of lingering terror to me?
O, how can I cherish a substance that never
Brought ought of the nature of joy to my face,
I've ta'en of thy mysteries, physic, but ever
Thou'st brought to my visage a horrid grimace!

The heart of a poet is loving and tender,
But hardly so loving to look upon thee,
As anything else but a grievous offender,
But worthy a place in the fathomless sea;
Thy presence is high me wherever I wander,
To drive all my dreams of the blessed away,
And many a time with a sigh do I ponder
On "This to be taken three times in a day."

I look on the bottles that gather around me,
And view the decoctions they ever contain,
And sigh that the doctors should ever have found me,
And given me pain to relieve me of pain.
O, give me the headache, consumption, rheumatic,
Or anything else that my pleasure may spoil,
But spare me—and mark, I am very emphatic—
The terrors of physic and cod liver oil.

The faces I've made would have terrified Titian,
Had that mighty master been living to see;
I've threatened the life of the blessed physician
Who came with intent to perform upon me.
I've frowned on the bottles with bitter expression,
I've buried my spoons in the depths of the grate,
And now I'll prepare for my final confession,
And leave all the rest to the fancy of fate.

T. A., JUNR.

POLITICAL CAWS.

To the Irish Manifesto of Lord Beaconsfield the Home Rule party simply answer "(P)shaw!"

SIR Stafford Northcote is to be made a peer. It appears to us that this is an acknowledgement from his chief that he is a complete failure as a Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he cannot fill that office as a member of the upper house. The discovery of this fact comes very tardily, as the nation has made the same discovery some years ago.

We do not hesitate to say with Mr. Shaw that the Premier "sends his party forth to the constitutional struggle with 'a lie in the right hand.'" We further believe that he will follow up his "glorious principles," even after death—he will lie still.

THERE are certain bills posted on certain of our walls on the subject of the "Lord's day observance." The object we deny not to be good, but the fact that the bills were posted on Sunday^{last} is a clincher!

THERE is some truth in a rumour that a little disturbance in the Cabinet took place on the Herat question, but our Herat-is Prime Minister's Persia-verence soon brought all to rights.

THE statement that Mohammed Jan and Meer Batcha have eleven thousand men stationed on the road between Guzman and Cabul may be a Meer Batcha nonsense.

"THE most sanguine Tories," says the Leeds Mercury, "admit that they will lose between twenty and thirty seats," nevertheless they will bear the loss with forty-tude.

Gregson's Fragments will be resumed next week.

ARONSBERG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

OUR TRADESMEN.

THE Electric Light has brought to view the following hitherto hidden facts relative to Manchester tradesmen—

The Baker is a most mercenary individual, and will do anything for money, since he sells the bread he kneads.

The Bootmaker is worse than the Farmer, who thrashes his corn, for he leathers his friends, wets his boots, hammers his soles, and closes the boots that people want to put their feet in.

The Hatter is a generous man, he gives a crown with each 3s. 6d. hat. The Tailor seems all right, but tries it on with his customers, although he measures their length before he does so.

The Outfitter cuffs his customers, and puts the gloves on to many.

The suspicious Jeweller guards his windows and watches his cases.

The Pawnbroker is continually taking the pledge.

The Draper deserves more extended notice, which he shall have.

What a wonderful trade the Drapery must be, and how the wolves fatten on deceased brethren.

Every Draper of any pretensions sells about ten bankrupt stocks a year, and thus we should naturally conclude that there are many called to the trade, but few chosen to continue in it.

What a remarkable quantity of drapery can be crammed into one shop. We find the wreck of a drapery shop, according to placards, supplies the whole country with salvage stock for about three or four months. Also in the matter of remnants the draper's trade is wonderful. It is computed the number of remnants sold in a year could not be supplied by the tail ends of all the pieces of goods that have been made since Nature's garments were discarded.

Then, again, they are continually selling ordinary stock at desperate prices, tremendous sacrifices, and advertising sales of a stupendous nature at alarming discounts, and everything on such a gigantic, enormous, and unparalleled scale that throws the timid Ironmonger, the humble Bookseller, and various other public purveyors, into the background of utter shade. The computation has been made that were these electifying announcements true, all the money earned could be laid out in drapery, and the stocks suffer no diminution.

The Draper is a great friend to the Printer, and is the lexicographer's patron, as he always keeps a good dictionary by him to keep up with the times in adjectives.

The Draper seems to usher in the daylight in a morning, and keeps the Gas Co.'s Dividend up by his evening flare.

The peculiar necessities of the Draper compel him (reluctantly, of course) to see the drug shop closed for the night, and the doctor's lamp out, before he closes his premises. The public demand such deference from the Draper that his attendants must never sit, for fear they should commit the sacrilege of sitting in the presence of a customer.

The Draper's assistant was born to stand, and twelve hours a day of this position is recreation to a Draper's assistant.

A Draper's assistant is a happy man, as he has no knee marks in his twelve and sixpenny's; and the Draper's young ladies dwell with joy on the hope that they may sit in heaven.

The high-class Draper keeps a loving and smiling machine at the door, and the low-class Draper bargains with the father of evil for a myrmidon to goad the assistants into lying about the goods, and cramming stuff not wanted down the customers' throats.

NOTHING NEW.

OF all the unpleasant unbearable things

I think the most horrible bore,

Is hearing it said, when you've made a remark—

Oh! somebody's said it before!

P'raps with a joke, or a neat repartee,

The table's commencing to roar;

Then comes the chill of cold water, a queer—

Oh! somebody said it before!

Suppose you write verses to Alice or Em.,

About Cupids and kisses galore,

It is beastly awkward when afterwards told—

Oh! somebody said *that* before!

No doubt, Mr. JACKDAW, when you see this,

You will all its bright beauties ignore;

And exclaim, with dissatisfied grunt, as you read—

Oh! somebody's said *this* before!

A SIGH FROM THE CZAR.

"I would not be an Emperor,
I would not be a King."—*Old Poet.*

I'M the Czar of all the Russians,
And a monarch of renown,
I'm the subject of discussions,
From the hamlet to the town;
I am great in name and station,
I am proud of my descent,
But my kingly occupation
Is not blessed with content.

O, I love my people truly,
O, I love to keep them down,
But I find they are unarly,
And unfaithful to the crown;
And I think it's very trying,
When a monarch goes to sup,
That, all gratitude defying,
They should try to "blow him up."

It is well the angels cherish
All that clings to me and mine,
That my character is noble,
And my monarchy "divine."
It is well I love the gospel,
And am champion of the free (?)
Or the bullets of my people
Would have put an end to me.

If I venture on a journey,
I am greeted with applause,
And I fancy they are grateful
For the grandeur of my wars;
But I think, upon occasion,
That they cherish me too well,
For they hail me with a bullet,
An explosion, or a shell:

O, it's nice to be a monarch,
And to issue strong "decrees,"
And to hold the fate of nations,
And to crush them as you please;
But I own it is uncertain
When the people prove untrue,
And decline to take in bullets,
But would give a few to you.

So I'll murmur with the poet,
That a "crown's a wreath of thorns,"
That it brings to those who know it
Dreary nights and heavy morns;
And I'll get me a dictator
Who may form a better mark,
For the faithless of my people,
Whilst I rule them in the dark.

T. A., JUNE.

HOW TO RAISE MONEY!

REFERRING to a paragraph which appeared in last week's issue of the *Jackdaw* with this heading, a correspondent, upon whose word the utmost reliance can be placed, assures us that the paragraph was entirely wrong in several particulars. In the first place, the amateur minstrels did not miss the return conveyance, but on the contrary, all returned to town in it until they arrived at a point where four of the gentlemen dropped off and took cabs to their respective residences. The allegation of drunkenness is also unfounded, and militates against the character of the minstrels with additional stringency because they give their services in the cause of charitable and educational institutions. We are sorry that our correspondent of last week was in error in his information, but we know him to be a gentleman above suspicion where his information is not at fault. The Committee have evidently missed their mark in their efforts to raise money for their institution, and we suppose a little acrimony has thus been imported into the matter. We trust the Sale Minstrels will not again be the objects of misrepresentation, and can only regret that such misrepresentation has appeared in these columns.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT. HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream, recommended by Eminent Physicians, for its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 11/-. H. & CO.'s Sedative Cold Cream, 6d., 1/-, & 2/6.

PEOPLE WHO AMUSE US.

(BY QUILL PEN.)

II.—MR. JOHN WALLACE, PRINCE'S THEATRE.

MR. JOHN WALLACE must certainly have entered this world at a very early age, if we may judge by his vast and varied experience. He has acted with our most talented "Stars;" has received numerous high compliments from our most popular authors for his untiring energy and careful attention to every detail in the production of their most successful pieces, while stage manager and comedian in some of our best London Theatres. Born and educated in London, although descended from an old Scotch family, his love of the theatrical art caused him to give up all idea of a commercial life and take to the stage as a means of livelihood. When quite a youth, unknown to his friends, he took lessons in stage dancing; proving an apt scholar. He was soon dancing for the benefit of a friend, through whose influence he was permitted the use of the stage at a minor theatre to practise. Here the scenes were run out, and Mr. Wallace, with some friends, would rehearse the comic scenes of a pantomime; his ambition being to play clown. However, he did not arrive at the consummation of his wishes for some years.

His first engagement was to play the "double" for Myles, in the celebrated "Cave Scene" in "Colleen Bawn," his duty being to appear in the water, and then dive over a wheel—Myles directly after appearing at another part of the water scene; he dived so vigorously that the wheel capsized against a piece of scenery representing the water and behind which the wheel was hidden, that in turn fell over, discovering to the highly-amused audience Dan Leeson (Myles) crawling up through a trap in the stage, and his "double" (Wallace) floundering on a straw bed. Instead of making a big hit as he imagined, he was at once kicked out of the theatre, and so ended his engagement at Atleys. However, nothing daunted, he secured an engagement at Plymouth, worked hard and steadily with the determination to climb up the ladder of fame, and not jump, which has been the means of so many falling. Steadfast in his purpose, he fulfilled engagements in many towns—Devonport, Bristol, Cardiff, and Scarborough. When Sefton Parry built the charming little theatre at Greenwich, he was engaged by him and remained over five years under different managers, W. Sidney, Miss Hazlewood, Thomas Mowbray, and Miss B. Bufton; during which time at Christmas he combined Low Comedy, Pantaloon, and Stage Management. His dancing did him great service here, and it was no uncommon thing in the middle of a pathetic piece of acting to hear the "Gods" shout, "Stow that, Wallace, and give us a step." His last season in Greenwich, where he arrived at playing clown, was very successful, and received several offers for the next Christmas season; these he refused, accepting the stage management of the Charing Cross Theatre (now the Folly), under Miss Emily Fowler's management. He quickly transferred himself to the Little Strand Theatre, being loaned by Miss Fowler to play the "Emperor of Morocco (Mr. David James having entirely lost his voice); he acquitted himself well, was immediately engaged, remaining over three years as comedian and stage manager—then joining Miss Emily Soldene's Company in the same capacity—visiting all the principal provincial towns, crossing the Atlantic in 1874, travelling over 25,000 miles in seven months, returning to this country for a tour, we eventually find him at the "Globe," then the "Criterion," again in America, through San Francisco, to New Zealand, and Australia. He received several good offers to remain in the Colonies, but refused all, returned with Miss Soldene, produced "Genevieve de Brabant" and "Perichole" for the Alhambra Co., where he figured in the Christmas piece last year, and again joined Miss Soldene on her tour. The splendid stage pictures represented in the Opera of "Carmen," the animation displayed among the choristers as well as the principals, show the energy and care bestowed by this able stage manager, and is a specimen of what can be done by an experienced, efficient, and active mind. The weak point generally with Opera Bouffe and Grand Opera Co.'s is the utter want of suitable action and animation among the chorus. Under this gentleman's watchful eye, nothing is wanting. We have seen him as "Trenitz" in Madame Angot, and (with Mr. Marshall) as "Piton," one of the celebrated Gensdarmes, and in that extremely ludicrous conception, "Faltont," in "Chilperic," his eccentric dancing and comicalities,

causing shouts of laughter; he is later known to Cottonopolis as "Hassarac" in the Prince's pantomime, and, although he has been labouring under an unfortunate hoarseness and sore throat, he has rendered the character immensely amusing—in the later edition his comic boxing and acrobatic business is intensely diverting, and some of the tricks are cleverly given and afterwards burlesqued, showing his life has been a very active one. We hear that he has just refused a good offer for London, having already settled to return to Miss Soldene, by whom he has been engaged over seven years. As the captain is to a ship, or an officer to a regiment, so is a Stage Manager to a Dramatic, or Operatic Company. The responsible man—firmness, industry, punctuality, good taste, and experience—are a few of the qualifications requisite to make a good one. Miss Emily Soldene is wise in retaining the services of Mr. John Wallace. We wish him every success and many happy returns to Manchester.

WE hear that the happy family of Manchester Co-operators have lately been much exercised by the question whether the Manchester Wholesale shall join the Chamber of Commerce. This apparently simple and peaceful proposal has given rise to the most excited discussions—been remitted to the branches at London and Newcastle, and finally formed the subject of numerous polemical letters in the *Co-operative News*. The party opposed to joining the Chamber of Commerce have as yet succeeded in keeping back the movement, but the friends of the movement charge those gentlemen with having incorrectly stated the result of the voting at the branches. If this be so it is much to be deplored, because to join the Chamber could not possibly do any harm to the Co-operative movement, whilst the suppression of the actual state of the voting will only tend to create distrust.

THE London Civil Service Supply Association have added another item to their list of goods for sale—tombstones. Very appropriate item. Another six years of Tory Administration, and won't they do a roaring trade? By the way they will be shortly able to offer a fine sample specimen for the public inspection—motto:—

Sacred
To the humiliating memory of
Six wasted sessions,
Sixty wasted millions of money,
And
The undying shame of statesmen
Who planned four unjust wars, though
They were prevented by the common sense of the
Nation
From executing more than two.
Although the country was starving, they
Plunged madly into
Debt,
And were ignominiously hissed from
Office,
A.D. 1880.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Communications for insertion in the *City Jackdaw* should reach us not later than Wednesday noon.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—R. T. W.; "Scotia"; John Bright; Equity.

BROWNIE.—"Salisbury" does not rhyme with "Malmesbury," nor "Hamilton" with "Wellington." Try again.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—E. B. (Tottington); Sam Gilbody; C. Dickens; X. Tray.

CYNIC.—Do you think we are silly?

"Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits!
Cuckoo! cuckoo! was ever a May so fine?

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme."

That a quotation from Tennyson?—You are chaffing us!

NATURE.—We suppose that the birds are melancholy in the early morning is because their little bills are all over dew.

N. M. E.—What other kind of treatment did you expect? Turn Liberal at once.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, & C.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTIC

gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6 of Chemists

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"THE EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS.

Ease, Comfort, Cleanliness, Uniform Elasticity, Adaptation to form of Body, Noiselessness, and Economy all attained to perfection.

The attention of the Public is respectfully directed to this excellent Invention in its various forms and adaptations, and thorough examination and test of its qualities is earnestly invited.



INVALID OR OCCASIONAL BED,
Removable Head-Board and Folding made
any required size.



MATTRESS, on polished and pitch-pine frame. Made any size, to
fit wood, brass, or iron bedsteads.



HOSPITAL OR SCHOOL BED,
With "Excelsior" Mattresses applied to the Iron
Frame.
Size 6ft. 6in. by 3ft. 2in.
Made in other Sizes and Patterns.

This Mattress forms a wonderful elastic, comfortable, and healthy bed, adapting itself exactly to the recumbent form, perfectly noiseless, simple and neat in design, strong and durable in construction, and though never out of order, can, if damaged, be easily repaired; the springs running lengthwise ensure complete isolation where two or more occupy a bed, the principle of construction preventing depression in the centre.

Only a thin Hair Mattress is required with the "EXCELSIOR;" the old-fashioned thick flock and straw palliasses and feather beds being dispensed with, the cost of bedding is much reduced, the labour of bed-making is materially lightened, and cleanliness and purity are insured.

MEDALS AND AWARDS.

SILVER MEDAL awarded at International Horse Show, 1874

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at Manchester and Salford
(Highest Award) Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances,
August 6th to 18th, 1877.

THE PRIZE MEDAL at Leamington Exhibition of the
Sanitary Institute of Great Britain,
October 8th to 18th, 1877.

THE CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Stafford Exhibition
(Highest Award for of the Sanitary Institute of Great
Spring Mattresses.) Britain, October 2nd to 19th 18 8.

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"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—St. Matthew, c. xi, v. 15.

DENTON'S CELEBRATED REMEDIES FOR DEAFNESS, NOISES IN THE HEAD, GIDDINESS, AND DISCHARGE FROM THE EARS.

Mr. Denton begs to call particular attention to the following Extracts from Letters and Testimonials from some of the persons who have been cured:—

"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1871.

Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition of my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will long be spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

"To Mr. Denton."

Dear Sir,—After being seriously afflicted with Deafness for four or five years, I was induced through a friend to apply to you, and after the period of TWENTY DAYS my hearing was perfectly restored, and I can hear as well as ever I could in my life, for which I am thankful to you, and shall at any time be most happy to recommend any person so afflicted to your care.—Yours respectfully,

"Shaw near Oldham, January 25th, 1878.

ARTHUR WARREN."

JOHN MOSS.

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12 MARCH 1880.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

7

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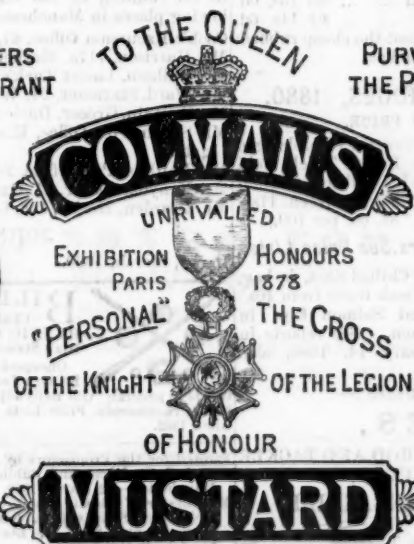
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Manchester to Aintree in 50 minutes

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MANCHESTER TO AINTREE AND BACK,

AS UNDER:

TIMES OF DEPARTURE, ARRIVAL, AND RETURN.

		Thursday only.	
		1st and 3rd Class.	
		a.m.	a.m.
Manchester (Vic.)	dep.	11 20	11 55
Aintree (New Sta.)	arr.	12 25	12 45
		p.m.	p.m.
Aintree (New Sta.)	ret.	5 15	5 35

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		1st and 3rd class.	1st class only.
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Manchester (Vic.)	dep.	10 25	10 50
Aintree (New Sta.)	arr.	11 15	11 40
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WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

Manchester, March, 1880.

"Ben Brierley's Journal"

OF THIS WEEK CONTAINS—

Joe O' Dick's Corner.
Billy Fairclough at the Skating Rink.
The late William Hepworth Dixon.
Ab-o'th'-Yate's Dictionary; or Walsley Fowl Skoomester. Put together by the help o' Faue Juddie.

An Unlucky Dod. By Jacquard Jack.

No Answer but a Kiss.

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ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY,
15th, 16th, and 17th MARCH,

A CHEAP EXCURSION

TO

LINCOLN

Will run as under:—

Manchester (London Road), depart at 8-10 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 8-25; Oldham (Clegg Street), 7-30; Stalybridge, 7-5; Stockport (Tiviot Dale), 7-30. Fares to Lincoln and Back same day:—First Class, 10s.; Third Class, 5s. Barnsley (Court House), 8-45. First Class, 9s.; Third Class, 4s. 6d. Lincoln (Holmes Goods Yard), arrive at 11-30.

Returning from Lincoln (Holmes Goods Yard) at 6-10 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, and 6-35 p.m. on Wednesday.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, March, 1880.

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CHEAPEST HOUSE WITH QUALITY.

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Oxford and Cambridge BOAT RACE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20th.

On Friday Night, March 19, 1880,

A CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN TO

LONDON,

(St. Pancras Station),

FOR ONE OR THREE DAYS,
By the Midland Company's Route through the Peak of Derbyshire,

WILL RUN AS UNDER:—

	P.M.
MANCHESTER (London Road) ...	11 15
Guide Bridge ...	11 30
Hyde ...	11 35
Woodley ...	11 40
Marple ...	11 48

St. Pancras, arrive about 5.45 a.m.

The Return Trains will leave St. Pancras at 11.0 p.m., and Kentish Town at 11.5 p.m. on Saturday, March 20th, and Monday, March 22nd.

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Mr. Harrison, 117a, Market Street.
Mr. Oldham, Lower Turk's Head, 36, Shudehill.
Mr. Ward, Stationer, 21, Withy Grove.
Mr. Brittain, Grocer, Ducie Street, Strangeways.
Mr. Smith, Post Office, Knott Mill, 319, Deansgate.
Mr. Phillips, Post Office, 208, Stretford Road.
Mr. Kenyon, Sadler, 91, Oxford Street.
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JOHN NOBLE,

Derby, March, 1880.

General Manager.



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